The Emporia News.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1859.

A True Story of the Hard Times.

FROM PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

If a country clergyman's daughter is at all lovable, she is generally the pet of the parish. Anna Irvin was pre-eminently so. Old and young looked upon her with affection, as Sunday after Sunday she glided, in her timid, graceful beauty, into the rectory pew, and her father might be pardoned if, even from the chancel, his eye sought her loved form, and his ear the soft tones of her voice. For sixteen years she read and studied, sang and laughed, surrounding by fond, admiring hearts. But there came a change—a day when Dr. Irvin preached his last sermon, and laid his head down in the old churchyard. Anna went away to New York. It is needless to trace the progress of the changes and misfortunes by which she sank, in four or five years, from a music-teacher to taking in sewing, and then working at hat-binding. When the 'hard times' of this last fall fell upon the country, even this humble resource failed her. She could find nothing to do, and she had no money. Ruin had overtaken her few friends in the city. Weeks passed. She sold and pawned most of her clothing, and all other articles of any value. She was obliged to leave her small but respectable apartment, and sleep on a rag mattrass in a fireless, bare garret, glad of the privilege. One fearfully cold night, she crept to that comfortless pallet, foot-sore from a whole day's fruitless walking in search of employment. For five days she scarcely tasted food. She had only a scant worn rug for a covering. For hours her teeth chattered, and her limbs ached. She curled herself into every imaginable position in the vain effort to obtain a moment's warmth of any portion of her frame. And then she thought of her home, where each night she had wrapped herself in thick, soft blankets, and lain in warm, dreamless rest, till morning dawn.—She thought of her father's good-night kiss and blessing. She slept at last, for she was utterly exhausted, waking to suffering every five minutes, tortured by hideous nightmares of food turning to stone, ice in her grasp, by grinning faces; and never for one instant losing the pain of cold.

In the morning she saw a girl, who, with her old mother, had slept, if sleep it could be called, in the same room, preparing to go out begging for cold victuals. Two little girls who lived in the opposite garret, also issued forth, and Anna, despairingly, and nearly wild with hunger and cold, went out after them. She soon found herself in a street where every surrounding showed wealth and luxury. She thought of the more respectable mode of begging, to ring at the front door, and asking for one of the family, tell her story. But her pride shrank from that even more than flitting down the back steps. And this at length she did.

"I haven't anything," said the servant, who answered her knock.

"Won't you let me warm myself by the fire?" whispered Anna.

"I guess not," said the girl. "The lady don't like such people about the kitchen," and shut the door in her face.

She would have laid down and died on the cold door-stone, willingly. After two or three gasps, she stumbled up the steps, rolled her frost-bitten fingers in her thin de Bage cape, and went on down through the broad Avenue, bitter thoughts of man and of God—may He forgive her!—shrieking in her heart. The long rows of costly houses were to her like fortifications reared by hard, triumphant selfishness, to keep her and such as her from sharing in common comforts, defended by cruel, unerring weapons. O! what pitiless tyrants seemed human law, human society! Her feet were numb, but they carried her on over the ice cold pavements like one in a dream—sensible only to the biting tooth of cold and the raving of the hunger pangs.

Down a broad stoop, a little before her, came a young lady, muffled in furs to her rosy cheeks. She paused suddenly with a look of compassion. "You seem very poor; can't I do something for you?"

"I am hungry and cold," said Anna.

"Cold! I should think you would be," said the lady, shuddering.

"For pity's sake, Harriet," struck in a gentleman, who had opened the door and came out immediately after her, "don't stand to talk with that girl. You'll catch your death. Here, I'll give her these, and do you come along. You'll have to walk fast to keep warm, this bitter morning."

He held out two three-cent pieces. They slipped from his thickly-gloved fingers, and he left Anna to pick them up. Before she had succeeded in doing so he was out of sight, with the young lady pressed close to his side. Anna ran to the nearest baker's and bought a loaf of bread. "You can't stay here to eat it, girl," said the bakeress, and she reluctantly left the well-warmed shop, turned the corner in the Avenue, and sat down on a stoop. The bread was hot, and after filling her mouth, she plunged both hands into the middle of the smoking loaf, and pressed it to her freezing bosom.

"Come, young woman," said a policeman, taking her by the shoulder, "these are fine tragedy airs. Don't you know you musn't sit here?"

The wretched girl rose and tottered away, completely overcome. Surely she had reached the depth of degradation; she had been "moved on by a policeman."

The gentleman and the young lady re-appeared. "There's that girl hanging about here yet," Anna heard him say.

"O! father," replied the young lady, "she is eating a loaf of bread that she bought with the change you gave her."

Well, let her go home and eat it properly, then. She's not starving now, certainly," he said.

"Home!"

The plate glass doors of their house closed after them, when Anna espied upon the pavement a lady's watch, dropped, doubtless, by the bright, rich girl who had just disappeared. She raised it, and held it a moment in her hand. Within that small enamelled thing was bid food, warmth, clothing, shelter. What wonder if her eyes lingered upon it, and her brain grew dizzy with temptation. Let us not attempt to estimate that conflict, we who have never shivered homeless and hopelessly outside of a rich man's door. Anna had taken a step to restore the watch, when out bustled the tall gentleman.

"Here, police, police, my daughter has lost her watch—stolen, I think, likely by a girl who—Oh! here she is, behind this post."

The watch was in Anna's hands.

"Very fortunate!" said Mr. Miller.—"But how hardened, as well as adroit, you must be, to steal from one who stopped to give you a kind word!"

"Believe me," implored Anna, "I did not steal it. The lady dropped it."

"Nonsense! It would have been shivered in a thousand pieces. You'd do much better to confess it."

"I seed her round," said the policeman, "not a quarter of an hour ago, and told her to be off; but she knowed what she wanted to be at too well for that."

"O! be merciful!" shrieked Anna, wildly; "I am innocent. I can get no work, I am starving—I am perishing with cold.—You will not even let me warm myself by any of your fires."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Miller.

"Come along without any fuss, young woman," said the officer.

Anna looked from one harsh brow to the other. All light, all hope went out of her heart. Her hands and her head dropped, and the officer half-carried her to the station house. She fainted away when she arrived there, and they laid her on one of those beds which never get cold—occupied as they are by such a continual succession of dirty, noisome outcasts. There she, the child of a clergyman, educated, refined, spent the day and night along with the vicious, the debased, the intoxicated. The next morning she was marched into the police court with the crowd of wretches.

"What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

She could not give the honorable name of her dead father. "Mary Jones," a blush for the falsehood dying her cheeks.

"It's astonishing what a number of Mary Joneses we see here," said the judge.—"Well, Mary, what have you to say to this charge?"

"I found the watch on the side-walk, sir," answered Anna, almost inaudibly.

"Found it?" O! that's the old story."

But her words were corroborated by two boys, who had seen her take something from the pavement, and Mr. Miller declined to prosecute the charge, so the conclusion of the judge was, "You may go." It seemed a matter of indifference to her, so utterly broken down was she. They helped her to leave the court, and Mr. Miller followed her. Fastening upon her wan face a look of pity, he said:

"My poor girl, I should like to do something for you. What is it that you want?"

"I want to be kept from losing the next world as I have lost this."

"Here, go to my house and ask for my daughter," said he, giving her a card.

"Margaret," said Miss Miller to her chamber-maid, after she had read the words on the card, and heard of some of poor Anna's hardships, "couldn't you find a room for this girl in some lodging-house? There must be many such houses for poor people, I think."

"I dare say, mem," returned Margaret; "but I'm not used to going about among thim places, mem."

"Haven't you a sister who keeps house?" asked the young lady. "Couldn't she take her in for a little while?"

The chamber-maid tossed her head, "I don't think she would like to, mem. She lives very respectable, does my sister."

"I don't know what to do," said Miss Miller, perplexed.

But when Anna next spoke, her words were wild and incoherent. Her sufferings for the last few days had been too much for mind and body, and she was now fairly delirious.

When Mr. Miller came home, he sent for a carriage, and had her taken to the hospital. There, two days after, she died!

Anecdotes of Noted Baptist Clergymen.

From the 6th Volume of Rev. Dr. Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit."

HENRY HOLCOMB.

While sitting with some friends, chiefly officers with himself of the Pennsylvania Peace Society, a gentleman came into the parlor, who, in answer to an inquiry of "What's the news?"—mentioned a report that a Spanish sloop-of-war had met one of the smaller vessels of the United States' Navy, and, after the Spanish officer had used some indecorous language, he fired into the American vessel. "Ah!" exclaimed Dr. Holcombe with great earnestness, "and what did the American Commander do?" "The papers say," answered the informant, "that the American Commander, seeing that his vessel was much smaller than his assailant, sent word to the Spanish Captain that he should consider himself a prisoner of war." "Did he!" asked Dr. H. with a look of contempt, mingled with a little anger,—"did an American do that?" And he rose from his chair, his almost gigantic form dilating with the idea of insult to his country. "Did he do that? I would have sunk the Spaniard to the bottom of the ocean. That is," continued the good man, as he looked around and saw a little surprise settle on the faces of a part of his auditors, or as the impulse of the Patriot gave way to the judgement of the Christian, "that is, I would, if I were not a man of Peace."

STEPHEN GANO.

He regarded the office of a minister as peculiarly sacred, and alwaws regretted to see its influence in any degree neutralized by any unnecessary devotion to secular engagements. Early one morning he was, with one of his children, passsng the door of a minister, who had for years made the ministry subordinate and subservient to his secular business, and who was then sitting by his shop window, watching the Doctor's motion. As the Doctor turned his carriage, as if intending to stop at his house, the other, evidently feeling that some apology was necessary for his course, said:—"Well, Doctor, we read that in old time they sat at the receipt of custom." "Yes, yes," was the reply, "and we also read, 'they arose and left all and followed Him,'" and hen proceeded on his way.

AARON LELAND.

On a Saturday evening, a young man, who was entirely penniless, called at Mr. Leland's house and asked for supper and lodging. It being inconvenient for some reason to the Parson to accommodate him, he sent him to his neighbor Henry, assuring him that *he* would take good care of him: "though," said he, "he will refuse you at first: but you must stick to him, and you will certainly succeed." The young man called, agreeably to the direction, and was refused. "I was told," said he, "that you would refuse to keep me, unless I stuck to you; and that I am resolved to do."—"Who told you that?" said Mr. Henry.—"A large man," answered he, "living over there," pointing to the house from which he had just come. "Well, said Henry, "if Parson Leland sent you here, you must stay, I suppose; and what would you like for your supper?" "Oh, anything that is convenient, for I have no money to pay for it." "But what would you choose, if you had money?" "Well, to le honest, I should like a good warm supper, if I had the means of paying for it; for I have had but little food to-day." A warm supper was accordingly provided, to which the young man paid his best respects; nor was he allowed to leave the next morning, till he had done justice to a good breakfast.—The young fellow was going to try his fortune in the Western wilderness. He had a small dog with him; and just before he was ready to start, it being near meeting time, Mr. Henry suggested to his guest that his dog was not a proper one to go into the wilderness with, and that he had a neighbor who had a large dog, which would make great havoc among the wild animals in the woods, and which he ought, by all means, to secure. "He would like," said he, "to exchange him for a small one; but he will probably refuse at first, and perhaps rudely tell you to go about your business, and that he does not swap dogs on Sunday, and the like; but, if you stick to him, you will get the dog." The young man called at the Parson's house, just as he was starting for meeting, and informed him that he had come to swap dogs. And the answer which he received was an almost literal fulfillment of Mr. Henry's prediction. "Well, I was told," said the fellow, "that you would make such excuses; but I was also told that if I stuck to you, I should get your dog; and that, sir, you may rest assured I shall do;" and he actually accompanied the Parson till he got to the door-steps of the meeting-house. As it was now evident that he was determined to make good his word, there seemed to be no alternative for Mr. Leland but to yield to his importunity, or to go into the house of worship, disputing about a dog; and finally, as the only way of making his escape, said to him: "Go and take the dog, and be off in a hurry, and never trouble me again in this way."

ABEL WOODS.

He had a brief and striking way of answering objections. When a man who did not believe the doctrine of the Saints's Perseverance, said—"What if David had died after his fall, before his repentance," he answered—"What if the angels who were carrying Elijah to Heaven, had let him slip out of their hands?"

CLARK KENDRICK.

Occasionally he would resort to some eccentric mode of administering reproof, in order to render it more effectual. On one occasion, in a high pew in the gallery of one of the old tashioned churches, some boys, during the time of worship, got to cracking and eating nuts. His keen eye perceived it, and that one of his own sons was with them. He stopped, and, with a countenance both grieved and vexed, said; "D——, come and sit on the pulpit stairs and eat your nuts." D—— came and sat on one of the pulpit steps; and though more than one of his sons had a habit of cracking nuts, as Bunyan would say, I believe none of them ever afterwards ventured to eat nuts in meeting time

He had a happy way of quoting old sayings, especially the Proverbs. They seemed in fact almost to have been made for his especial use. On one occasion, he was desired to interfere in a matter of personal difficulty. He begged to be excused, saying—"Solomon says, "he that passeth by, and meddleth with strife that belongeth not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears—if you hold him you must have a tussle with him; and if you let him go, he is sure to bite."

ELISHA CUSHMAN.

He occupied the Moderator's Chair in a somewhat exciting Council, and had occasion to call one of his older brethren to order. The brother was a little vexed, and in a hasty tone objected to the assumption (as he called it) of one so much his junior. To which Mr. Cushman, as it was said, with an air of quiet but very marked significance, replied that though he who occupied the Chair was obliged to acknowledge his comparative youthfulness, yet, if his good brother would please to observe, the Chair which he occupied was much older than either of them. The Chair happened in reality to be a venerable piece of furniture, and all present seemed to feel that there was "enough said."

GUSTAVUS F. DAVIS.

Dr. Davis had a tenacious memory, and, as one of his hearers remarked, "the whole Bible was at his fingers' ends." His sermons were always studded with scriptural gems. He was also pre-eminently "a Bible preacher." He was singularly apt, and sometimes not a little grotesque and amusing, in his selection of texts. For example, on a stormy Sabbath, when there were only eight persons present, he chose for his text—"Wherein few, that is eight souls, were saved by water;" and, on another similar occasion, when only ten were in the house—"Ten Virgins—five of them were wise and five were foolish." Immediately after his ordination, when only nineteen years of age, he preached from the text—"And a little child shall lead them;" and, after a three years' ministry, from the words, "Therefore, watch and remember that, for the space of three years, I ceased not to warn every one of you, night and day with tears." When the meeting-house in South Reading was removed from the Hill to the Common, his text was—"So David went and brought the ark of God from the house of Obededom to the City of David with gladness." When the church in Hartford removed from their old place of worship, under the hill, to the new one in Main street, he took for his text—"If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence." On the Fiftieth anniversary of Independence, which occurred in 1826, he preached from the words—"A Jubilee shall that fiftieth year be to you." When the Second Baptist Church was formed in this city, and many vacant seats were seen in the old house, his text was—"Be watchful, and strengthen the things that remain." On one occasion, one of his friends had made him a present of a handsome cloak—his text, the next Sabbath, was—"Clad with zeal as a cloak." A Jew, under pretence of being a Christian convert, induced Dr. Davis to give him ten dollars, nearly all the money he had. Finding that he had been duped, he consoled himself by preaching from the words—"He is not a Jew that is one outwardly."

The Red Hand.

"Great nations have great shames."

Oh, she sitteth like a queen,
'Twixt her stately-sweeping seas!
Broad, clear forehead, eyes serene,—
Who shall misinterpret these?
Who shall question the high truth
Of her strong, immortal youth?
When she calls for harp and viol,
That the grieved souls may sing,
When she bids the world's enslaved
O'er her fair fields wander, saved,
Who shall hurl back a denial
To her great soul's offering?

Doth she stand as angels stand,
On her height so crystal-clear?
Doth she wave her snowy hand,
That the captive, drawing near,
May find respite and repose
From the burden of his woes?
On that hand's upraised whiteness
Doth the ruby gleam so red?
Apple-blooms, rose-flushed and veined,
Not more silently are stained,
Yet—that ruby's royal brightness,
Shall we call it blood, instead?

Oh, her silver-footed rivers
Go forth, singing, to the sun;
Prophet-song the silence shivers
Where her thunderous rapids run;
But they cannot drown the moan
Of the hearts she hath undone;
And by those free waters, never
May she unreproved stand,
Till her late remorse hath called
Out of gloom her own enthralled,
And her God hath washed forever
The red stains from that white hand.

"Hope!—there is hope everywhere. It is only the universal history:
Right forever on the scaffold—Wrong forever on the throne;
But the scaffold sways the fitter; and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own!"

Confessions of a Drunkard.

Some years since there was a pamphlet published in England, entitled the "Confessions of a Drunkard." The statements made in it are asserted on good authority to be authentic, and what does the writer say? "Of my condition there is no hope that it should ever change: the waters have gone over me; but out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood.

"Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will; to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruin; could he see my fevered eye, fevered with last night's debauch, and feverish looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly, with feebler and feebler outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation."—*London Quarterly Review.*

An Ugly Picture for Gov. Wise.

Br Colver, of Cincinnati, publishes a long letter addressed to Gov. Wise, in relation to the execution of John Brown. He says:

"That day that sees John Brown on the scaffold, sees your horizon obscured by a cloud that no sun shall ever chase from your skies. No matter with what scenes you may surround yourself, from that day the grappling iron of your own doom will have fastened upon your soul. Thence onward, John Brown, with his calm, honest, loving, serene, but sorrowing face, is to be your companion. Waking or sleeping, at home or abroad, that strange man who could forget vengeance for the cruel murder of his own sons, in his compassion for the poor slave, is to be your companion. You shall see that patient face in the sparkling cup of earthly pleasure. You shall hear the soft foot-fall of his gentle spirit around your domestic board, reminding you of the home you have made desolate. And in that last lone hour to which we are all hastening, when the summons shall come which calls you to your last account, the voice of John Brown will strangely mingle with that summons."

THE REASON WHY HOGS EAT ASHES AND CINDERS.—Mr. Mechi, of Tip Tree Hall, England, has discovered that pigs, when put up to fatten, are very fond of cinders and improve in condition by eating a certain portion of them daily. Some persons are unable to account for this singular propensity in swine. Poultry are very fond of egg-shells, lime, sand, &c., and it is well known that these substances are necessary in order to form the shell of eggs, and to furnish material for the bones of the fowls. Now is it not reasonable to suppose that swine eat ashes and cinders for the purpose of supplying materials for their bones, and this singular instinct in animals so low in the scale of intelligence, is truly wonderful, for ashes contain the ingredients which are necessary to form bones, namely: carbonate and sulphate of lime, phosphates of lime and magnesia, clay and silica galatinized, and made soluble by the fire. When hogs are large, they take in clay and silica with food, and eat bones and roots which contain the necessary ingredients; but when they are pent up, they endeavor to supply the materials necessary for keeping up their frames, by devouring ashes and cinders.—Let them have plenty of them.

LADIES SHOULD READ NEWSPAPERS.—It is one great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to only the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about, give her education with the actual world and its transpiring events.—Urge her to read newspapers and become familiar with the present character and improvement of our race. History is of some importance, but the past world is dead, and we have little comparatively to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world to know what it is, and improve its condition. Let her have an intelligent conversation concerning the mental, moral, political and religious improvements of our times. Let the gilded annuals and poems on the center-table be kept a part of the time covered with weekly journals. Let the family—men, women and children—read the newspaper.

A Texas editor named his child Kansas. Another one wickedly says he would be afraid to call a child "Kansas," for fear it never would have any constitution!

Ancient Fashions.

The New England Historical Register for 1857 contains the following interesting account of the clothing in the Old Times:

Stockings were anciently made of cloth or milled stuffs, sewed together. Henry II of France, was the first who appeared with silk stockings. That was in 1559, and in 1561 Queen Elizabeth was presented by her milliner with a pair. The first pair of worsted stockings knit in England was made in 1564.

Red colored stockings, whether of yarn, worsted or silk, were worn in New England for nearly half a century after the arrival of our fathers.

In 1629, when provision was made for emigrants to Massachusetts, the stockings furnished were accompanied with ten dozen pairs of Norwich garters. At an early period of our country, silk garters were worn by the more fashionable, and puffed into a large bow knot at the knee, but as the custom fell under the notice of the civil authorities, it was forthwith prohibited.

Gloves have been long in use, and it was once a proverb that, to be well made three kingdoms must be concerned in the making: Spain to dress the leather, France to cut it, and England to sew it. But France, for a considerable period, is said to have had the preference in all these three respects.

Sixty years ago, pall holders, and other persons attending funerals, wore white leather gloves. In 1741 men's and women's "white glazed lamb" gloves were offered for sale in Boston.

"Ruffs, however odd it may appear to us, were formerly worn by males as well as females. Queen Elizabeth appointed officers, it is related, to clip the ruff of every person seen wearing it of larger dimensions than the law permitted. A clergyman in 1608 took occasion to allude to a lady who wore a ruff that looked "like a sail; yea, like a rainbow." Ruffs were wired as well as starched. Anne, widow of Dr. Turner, for assisting the Countess of Essex to poison Sir Thomas Overbury in 1613, received the following sentence: "That, as she was the first to introduce the fashion of yellow starched ruffs, she should be hung in that dress, that the same be held in shame and detestation." In the play of Albusnazer, edited 1614, Arsinilina asks Taincalo, "what price bears wheat and saffron, that your band is so stiff and yellow?"

Speaking of starch, it first came into use in England in 1564. It was carried thither by a Mrs. Dinghen Vanden Plasse, who set up business as a professed starcher, and instructed others how to use the article for £5, and how to make it for £29. The *News Letter* of 1712 gives this notice: "Very good starch, made in Boston by a starch maker lately from London, is for sale."

The picture of Gov. Winthrop appears with an elegant ruff. The custom was imported by some of our primitive settlers, but in 1720 this part of the dress became so enlarged that the Legislature of Massachusetts felt obliged to command that it be kept within due bounds.

In the reign of James I, bands succeeded the full stiff ruff. They were prepared with wire and starch, so as to stand out "horizontally and squarely." They were held by a cord and tassel at the neck.

People of the ton had the strings and tassels of their bands sometimes elegantly scolloped and embroidered, which custom finally attracted the attention of our civil authorities, who, in 1634, "forbade bands to be ornamented with costly work." In 1639, a law was likewise enacted prohibiting the wearing of bands as had been the fashion.

THE WIND IS A MUSICIAN.—Extend a silken thread in the crevice of a window, and the wind fills it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and, like Paganini, performs on a single thread. It tries almost everything on earth to see if there is music in it. It persuades a tone out of the great bell in the tower when the sexton is asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the forest pines, and it tries to see what sort of a whistle can be made of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a great tree till every leaf thrills with the note in it, and winds up the river that runs at its base, for a sort of murmuring accompaniment.

What a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds, and goes up, perhaps, to the stars that love music most and sang it first.

Then how fondly it haunts old houses, moaning under the eaves, singing in the halls, opening old doors without fingers, and sighing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearth.

A YANKEE IN A VIRGINIA RAILROAD CAR.—A few days since, Marshal Jewell, Esq., of this city, passed through Virginia on his way home from a business trip to the South. The train was searched at Culpepper for incendiary documents and individuals. Mr. Jewell had a revolver with him, and was requested by the vigilants to leave the cars, as they wanted to shut him up for a period. Mr. Jewell objected, and casually remarked during the conversation that the vigilants had better clear out, or somebody might get hurt, as he should shoot dead the first man that put hand on him. As he was determined in his manner, and as the vigilants numbered only forty or fifty, they left him to go his way in peace. "Oh, Jewell," saith an ancient writer, "thou art a consistency!"—*Hartford Courant, 26th.*

Sixty years ago, one Gabriel, a smart slave, accumulated money enough to purchase his freedom, and then set about organizing a plot for the slaughter of all the white inhabitants of Richmond. In the first place, they were to fire the city, and when the people were engaged in putting out the flames, they intended to seize the arsenal. Some of the fairest young ladies were to be spared for wives. Gabriel had established depots of arms in various localties. The plot, however, was discovered, and a reward of $20,000 offered for the ringleaders. Gabriel escaped for several months, but was apprehended on board of a ship ready to sail for St. Domingo, tried, and executed.

THE TRUE RELIGIOUS SPIRIT.—As the sunlight tints the flower and colors the rock—as it alternately sparkles in the dew-drops and shines in the broad ocean—so the true religious spirit is present in the humblest bargain, the lowliest word of kindness, as much as in the grand songs of Hebrew bards and the profound teachings of St. Paul the apostle, those ancient headlands of Christian thought.

Missouri Correspondence.

TIPTON, MO., Nov. 26, 1859.

The Board of Directors of the Osage Valley and Southern Kansas Railroad have been in session at this place for the last two or three days. They appear to be determined to prosecute the construction of their road with vigor, and yet with financial prudence, and are depending upon the citizens and landholders along the route. Their mode of obtaining the means to build is as follows:

1st. *Money Stock.*—Taken by subscribing any number of shares of $100 each, to be paid in money: 2½ per cent. at the time of subscribing, and the residue by instalments, as ordered by the Board of Directors, when needed for the construction of the road.

2d. *Land Stock by Mortgage.*—This is the usual mode adopted by those residing along and near the line of the road—in this manner: you execute your bond to the company for any number of shares, payable fifteen years after date, and secure the payment of this bond by mortgage on real estate, the value to be agreed upon by yourself and an agent of the company. These mortgage securities will be negotiated and money realized on them on very fair terms, arrangements for which have already been made. A large number of shares in this class has already been secured and the work is still going on.

The advantage claimed for this class of stock is, that the stockholders will have no money to pay under fifteen years, (unless he chooses to pay it sooner,) by which time the road will have been completed, and the lands, according to the legitimate effect of railroads everywhere, will be at least trebled in value.

3d. *Land Stock by Title Bond.*—This is the mode generally adopted by non-residents, owning land on or near the line of the road. For instance: you own a tract of land in Bates county—the extreme western county in the State, on the railroad—and you are willing to invest a portion to aid in building the road; you enter into a contract with the company, that so soon as the company is permanently located, and at least two miles put under contract, and the work of grading actually commenced thereon in the county of Bates, you will make a deed to the company for the land invested, the price to be agreed upon by yourself and an agent of the company, and you receive a certificate of stock for the number of shares thus taken, both in this and the second class of stock.

The road diverges from the Pacific railroad at Tipton, in Moniteau county, Mo., runs thence to Versailles, in Morgan county; Cole Camp, in Benton county; Clinton, in Henry county; Johnstown and Butler, in Bates county, to its western terminus on the line between Missouri and Kansas, three or four miles south of the Marais des Cygnes river, and sixty-five miles south of Kansas City; the whole length of the road being about one hundred and twenty-five miles, and running through a country unsurpassed in agricultural and mineral resources, and from its formation, peculiarly adapted to the construction of a railroad, at a moderate cost per mile. In fact, the grading, masonry and bridging of the first division of the road, from Tipton to Versailles, is now under contract at a cost not exceeding $5000 per mile, and the work is now progressing rapidly. This division is considered a fair average of the whole road.

A sufficient quantity of land has been subscribed to justify the company in authorizing the issuing of bonds for a loan of $200,000, to be secured by a mortgage upon the deeds and title bonds given by land holders on the route for stock, and Judge Arny leaves here to-day for the East, with the bonds and land security, to obtain the loan for the company.

It is expected that the road will be completed to Cole Camp, in Benton county, next summer, and if the subscriptions continue to be made as they have for the past month, during the next year, sufficient lands will be subscribed along the route, to prepare the entire road-bed to the State line within eighteen months.

The money subscriptions are also daily increasing; the County Court of Morgan county, a few days ago, made a county subscription of $100,000, which will be followed up by other counties, as the citizens of the country through which this road is to pass, feel the importance of a thoroughfare to St. Louis, in order to develop the agricultural and mineral resources of the country, and give them a market for their produce.

By request, I send you their proceedings for publication, and would write more fully in regard to the advantages to be derived by your city in the construction of this road, but must close for the train. OSAGE.

The Doom of Slavery.

In speaking of the late recent outbreak at Harper's Ferry, the Charleston *Mercury* says:

"While we can see no cause for present alarm, none can blind their eyes to the audacity of the attempt, or fail to regard it as a pregnant sign of the times—a prelude to what must and will recur again and again, as the progress of sectional hate and Black Republican success advances to their consummation. And what will be the effect? Are occurrences like these calculated to strengthen the institution of slavery in the border States, by adding to its advantage and value in the appreciation in the public there? Is not the condition of things to which we submit, inevitably tending to render slave property in the neighborhood of Mason & Dixon's line a dangerous and troublesome nuisance? Slaves can neither be kept nor managed. By our tame and passive policy, the cotton States, which are vitally interested in the institution, are actually allowing slavery to be carried out of the border States. The continuance of this policy will slowly but surely build up an abolition party in States that are now strongly pro-slavery and ready to back us in resistance to the ever-recurring aggressions of the North and of her people. The march of events is onward. Let the signs of the times be read and interpreted aright."

Our lives are better for the rain that falls into them. They who have known no sorrow have never felt the honey-dropping balm of consolation. We are nearer heaven after the ministry of grief. As the rain drops fall gently from the skies, so may all things lovely and of good report fall into our human hearts.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

The boy who lost his balance on the roof found it on the ground shortly afterward.